

THE BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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J MONROE TAYLOR

ESTABLISHED 1844.



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DRUGGIST.

Second door East of "Old Back" Louisa, Ky.
keeps, on hand a full supply of
Drugs, Oils, Paints, Pat-

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and Cigars.

Whiskey sold only on Prescription.

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Work promptly and accurately
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AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chil. Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S.C., July 9, 1884.
For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill."

EDWIN HARRER,
PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

Full weight
ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

THE GENIUS OF THE BOTTLE

There's a queer little bottle stands here on my desk;
It is shaped like a boat, and is quite picture-
queen.
With a feature-head just the least trifle grotesque.

It holds in its depths, though you never may
know it,

And I may not clearly be able to show it,

The treasures of romance, wit and poet.

There are positive facts for the scientist and

And fables for those who like truth in dis-

guise,

And many a fancy that floats to the skies.

These are songs that are sweet as the songs of

The lark,

And jests dating back to the days of the art;

These are arrows of wit that fly straight to the

mark.

And tales of devotion and honor and truth.

And stories of danger and beauty and ruin,

That quicken the pulse in the bosom of

South.

There are truths that flash out like a sword in

the light,

That shine like a star in the darkness of

night,

To guide straying feet from the wrong to the

right.

There are true-lover songs full many, I ween,

There is solace for sorrow, and praises serene,

And the strong staff of Hope, wherein weak-
ness may lean.

Of the Genius who holds of this bottle the

key,

I speak in a parable, now, if you please,

I pray, on my bended-metaphorical-knees,

Every day for the secret by which to extract

The song, the romance, the wit, wisdom and

fact,

With which, to my knowledge, this bottle is

packed.

And oft, as I raise my importunate plea,

He touches my lips with a crimson rose-red,

And then, when he hears me—why then, you
bear me;

For whatever he gives of his marvelous store,

With pride that is humble I live to your

door,

And, grateful and happy, I pray evermore,

O Genius, who stands on the strange bottle's

bridge,

At me forever and ever to link

My heart to the world's with a drop of its ink.

—Carroll Perry, in N. Y. Independent.

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. O. POST.

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CHAPTER XXV. OVER THE RANGE.

It was three o'clock on a short October day when John Parsons left Phippsburg on his return to the cottage where his wife and crippled boy awaited him.

He did not call it home—did not think of it as such now.

Another held a claim against it for all it was worth in money, and his past experience led him to expect no mercy.

He had not stopped to ascertain whether the mortgage, or anything about it, further than that it existed and was for a sum greater than he could, by any possibility, raise.

He had no hope that it might prove a mistake in any way; that it might have been paid and not canceled. He accepted it as what he ought really to have expected would happen sooner or later, for he had come to believe that the poor, those who labored in any way for a living, were looked upon as legitimate prey by a set of men who had by some means obtained control of the courts and of State and National Legislatures, and who in one way or another—but always under the guise of law—would rob the people just as men rob the honey bees, taking the honey, but letting the bees live in order that they might store up more honey for the robbers when their turn comes for being robbed again.

And so from the first mention of a mortgage he gave up all hope, regarding it as but another of the ways—of which experience had taught him that there were many—of taking from him and his their little accumulations; and but one thought, one impulse remained—to get back to where his wife and crippled boy were and die in their presence and with them.

His brain seemed incapable of thought. There was a numbness about his whole body that made it difficult for him to retain his seat in the saddle, and several persons who saw him pass, swaying to and fro in his seat, thought that for once he had been drinking and had taken more liquor than he could well carry.

But he was not drunk. He was crushed.

All hope had fled, never to return,

again. No ray of light came to him from any source.

He paid no heed to the inquiring looks of those whom he met as he passed through the streets of the little town and took the road leading up into the mountains; no attention to the guidance of the animal which he rode.

He had no clearly defined idea of what he should do or say when he reached the spot where his wife and Johnny were, or of how they could bear the terrible news.

He felt isolated from the entire world; was unconscious of what was passing around him or of the rapidly gathering storm overhead.

His one dim idea was to get to where his wife and boy were; and I think he really expected that once there they would all go away out of the cottage and out of the world—that they would all die together, and at once.

There seemed to be no place in this world for them, and yet they were ordered to "move on." Where else could they go except to the other world, and who else but Death was to point the way, or be their guide upon the journey?

And Erastus and Lucy were to go, too, and would take the little baby that was not yet born, for they were without a home also—they, too, had been ordered to "move on."

Then he wondered if Jennie and her husband were to go with them, and he was not quite sure about it. They would follow pretty soon, of course; for all who tried to get their living by work would be ordered to "move on" sooner or later; but it did not appear that they were to die at once, as he and Martha and Johnny, and Lucy and Erastus must.

When the clouds, which had been gathering all day, broke at last, and the rain poured down in torrents, he did not seem to know it. He was up to the skin in an instant but he was not conscious of it. His rubber coat remained tied to the back of the saddle, where he had fastened it in the morning before starting. The water ran from his person and filled his boots. The horse placed his nose close to the earth and plodded on blindly in face of the storm, but his rider sat the same, undaunted upon the loosened rein and another hanging idly at his side; his eyes fixed upon the ground just in advance, but seeing nothing, taking no note of anything.

Left to his own will, the horse plodded on through the mud and rain at a walk. Before they were out, home night had set in—night as black as clouds and falling rain could make it. Soon the water, still falling in torrents, began to fill the saddle-wounds of the color of clay, mud which bubbled, and seethed, and roared its way down the hillsides and across the road, forming a frothy line of white, the only thing visible in the pitchy darkness.

And still the horse plodded onward, forcing the streams as he came to them; scrabbling up the steep and slippery inclines where the road would round the mountain side, avoiding either by instinct or that peculiar power of seeing in the dark which some horses possess, the deep gullies cut by the rushing water in the clay of the roadside; and still the rider sat motionless, as he swayed to and fro with the movements of the animal which he rode, and looked straight forward into the night.

Suddenly, when they were about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, there came a flash of lightning followed by a clap of thunder which seemed to rend the very earth, and echoed and re-echoed from peak to peak and then went rumbling down the ravines and gorges, finally dying out miles and miles away among the foot-hills.

Many people have lived for years in California and never heard a clap of thunder or seen a vivid flash of lightning. A friend of the author's who lived for twenty years, a part of the time in the foot-hills and a part in the valley, informs him that never but once in all that time did she know the elements to be thus at war. It is no wonder, then, when the flash of lightning came, and the mountains shook with the roar of the thunder, that the old horse which John Parsons rode should be frightened into springing suddenly to one side, throwing his head and tail in the air dash away in the darkness, leaving him lying stunned on his side.

How long he lay there John Parsons never knew; nobody ever will know unless the angels who watch over us have made a record of it, of the account against them, of the record sent a fellow mortal to the grave up the mountain through a storm known for years, with his heart turned by the knowledge that he had all the blood in his body out about his heart. And I have seen such an account, then added to it the suffering of his wife, as she watched by the child—grown dangerous in the morning—watched and waited a long time in vain for some sound to tell her that through the storm her husband is safe at last.

Johnny, as his mother had said, had been growing well for some months, and had finally so bad that his parents had given up all hope and called a physician, but he seemed to rally under the care of Dr. Ferguson, who had given him some medicine and sent him to bed, and the next day he was up and about again, though still weak.

John, as his mother had said, had been growing well for some months, and had finally so bad that his parents had given up all hope and called a physician, but he seemed to rally under the care of Dr. Ferguson, who had given him some medicine and sent him to bed, and the next day he was up and about again, though still weak.

Toronto Globe: It is only when a man is absolutely alone and in a wilderness that he may do as he pleases.